HOLY MEDITATIONS, AND CONTEMPLATIONS OF IESVS CHRIST.

Concerning

Our Redemption, Reconciliation; and hope of Glorification by him alone.

Together with the Righteousnesse of FAITH.

Rejoyce in the Lord alwayes.

LONDON,

Printed by *Rich. Cotes*, for *Iob. Sweeting*, and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the *Angel*, in Popes-head Alley. 1642.

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THE AVTHOVR TO THE READERS.

THough I could wish, that as many as shall despise this Book could understand it, yet so it is, that many being wise in their owne eyes, and having in admiration the wisdome of this world, doe account those most comfortable truthes, that

declare unto us the benefits that we have received by the death of our blessed Saviour Jesus Christ, to be but foolishnesse, and too meane an object for their supposed Eagle eyes, though indeed they are but counterfeit, & craven: inasmuch as they dazle at the lustre of that Sunne, the brightnesse whereof cannot be discerned but by a spirit they contemne: preferring darkenesse before light, phantasmes and things that are not before what is substantiall, and of most excellent being! All that I shall say to such, is, that I heartily wish their eyes may be opened, the scales and mists of error, and selfe-conceit being taken away, that so they may together with us perceive the exceeding comfort that we doe receive from

from the assurance of our salvation, and the unvaluable riches of the glorious inheritance of the Sonnes of God.

And howsoever there is but little hope by this Booke to alter those men that are pre-occupyed with such falsities as they sucke in with their breath, and are become consubstantiall with them, error and pride having so fild them, that there is no roome in their hearts for truth and meekenesse, this Booke besides being written, not so much to prove as to enjoy those things that belong unto our peace, the Author being confident of what he wrote: yet peradventure meeting with some such dispositions as are yet in suspence, it may take them by the hand and direct

them into every roome thereof, and though not open their hearts by the key of argument, yet ravish and enlighten them with the cleare Sunne-shine that these truthes carry with them: and however they came with no such intentions, yet with Saul being convinced, they may prophesie among the Prophets, professing manfully to fight under his banner, whose name now indeed they beare: to the beating downe of strong holds that maintaine a false and usurped righteousnesse of their owne, making the precious and meritorious death of Christ of no effect, by which alone, without meanes or other conditions whatsoever, we looke to be saved.

Lastly, for those who doe already know what is the length, and depth,

and

and breadth of the riches of God in Christ Jesus, to whom this Booke can sing no new song, but such as they are perfect in: For these, I say, the Author especially intended it, and the maine reason that moved him to it, was, that howere their eyes were opened, the veile taken away, and that they saw God reconciled to them, their sinnes forgiven them, the law and the condemnation for the breach of it, of no validity, to remove the love of God from them, all sins past, present, and to come, being satisfied for: Yet he having observed, that they doe not sufficiently enjoy what they already know, and that through vaine disputations that edifie not, but rather engender doubts, their minds are distracted, their comforts eyther

neglected, Learning, and Humane abilities too much magnifyed, and by that meanes, when indeed we are all equals, one Brother before another preferred: the true profession of Christ, which should declare the same minde to be in every one of us, being by our disagreement scandalized, the enemies thereof, that by seeing our evil workes should glorifie the same God, and Christ in the same manner with our selues, speaking evill of us, and hardning themselves against us: These his beloved Brethren, the Author, from the yerning bowels of his love towards them, thus bespeakes: That if there be any consolation in Christ Jesus, if any comfort of love, if any fellowship of the spirit, that they would fulfill the joy of Christ, be

like

like minded, having the ſame love, being of one accord, one judgement, that nothing be done contentiouſly, or through vaine-glory, but that in meekneſſe of mind, every one eſteeme other better than himſelfe: and then no queſtion but we ſhall grow in grace, our faith by this meanes ſtrengthened, our love increaſed, and communicated; Chriſt onely exalted, workes and faith no otherwiſe then as teſtimonies and evidences to us ward of our ſalvation Preached: finally that the ſame mind may be in us, that was in Chriſt Jeſus our example, our Brother, our head, our life, our all. To whom with God the Father, and the Holy Ghoſt, all poſſible praiſe and thankeſgiving be aſcribed, now and for evermore, Amen.

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MEDITATION. I.

Of our blessed and glorious King, Jesus Christ.

Pleasant streames, whose liuing waues,
'Bove *Libanus* doe rise,
About whose bankes the flowres doe
Right joysome for our eyes! (meet
O sweet! O passing all that's sweet!
O faire! O passing faire!
These eyes of mine did neuer beholde
Such pleasures as here are.
How rapt am I, how full of
To see the Garden ope,
To see the closed one
'Twas more then I could

Behold the Paradiſe of God
Is ſet to open view,
And eke thoſe treaſures that till now,
No mortall ever knew.
'Tis thou O Saviour that art
The Garden and the Spring,
The treaſure, Paradiſe of God,
And every bleſſed thing.
The world and all that therein is,
O faireſt of all men,
To ſee the beauty of thy face,
Doth skip for joy agen.
Leape earth, and let the Heavens ſing
With ſweeteſt melody,
For Thine King has left his Throne
To come and dwell with me.
Our eyes have ſeen him, and our hands
That he was fleſh can tell,
For Gods owne Sonne became a man
That he amongſt men might dwell.
O Tidings, 'tis the happyeſt newes,
That ever toucht your care,
Gods onely and onely Sonne, a weake
And

And simple Maid did beare.
From's Fathers bosome where he sate
From all eternity,
Our blessed Saviour did descend,
A worthy one was he.
This is the heire in all the World,
No glory like to this,
An everlasting God, and an
Immortall King he is.
Twas for our sakes he left his Throne,
And from his Kingdome came,
God sent him to redeeme the World,
And made him man, for man.
As on the new mowne fields doth fall,
The soft and gentle raine,
So sweetly enter'd he our hearts,
To make them live againe.
How blessings from his wings did flow
To keepe us from all sinne,
And from his side, as from a spring,
Health and eternall life.
Lesse welcome is the mornings dew
To dead and parched fields,

For

For we were dead, but now we live,
His ſpirit vigor yeelds.
O welcome, welcome, ſing we all
With mirth and one accord,
Ten thouſand welcomes be to him
That comes ith' name oth' Lord:
O meete with joy your gracious King,
Sing Pſalmes with ſweeteſt voyce,
And let the Trumpets eccho forth
His praiſe with ſhrilleſt noyſe.
Why earth, why doſt thou not receive,
With love and thankes thy King?
See, this is he when thou wert loſt,
That did thy ſafety bring.
And yee O Sons of men, with love
And all reſpects beſide,
Your everlaſting doores ſet ope,
And let your gates be wide.
For he that enters in will fill
Thy heart with buxome glee;
O 'tis thy Saviour Jeſus Chriſt,
A glorious King is he.
Our hearts, yea, we our ſelves are thine,

For

For thou, as all haſt bought;
And O that we beſides our ſelves,
To give thee elſe had ought!
How ere wee'l praiſe thee, and will tell
How thou for us waſt ſpilt.
And wilt thou heare us when we ſing?
I know O Lord thou wilt.
We are thy ſervants, nay whats more,
Thy Sonnes and heires are we,
For thou haſt broken all the bonds
Of our captivity.
Tell, O my ſoule, how did thy God,
And Saviour appeare:
As choyceſt Gardens, choyceſt fruits,
That ſprings both freſh and cleare.
Did ever any eye behold
The treaſures of a King?
Or when rich gems are firſt diſclos'd?
Such was his opening.
How pleaſant Eden did appeare,
How beauteous every tree,
And yet that Paradiſe was farre
Leſſe ravishing than he.

'Tis better farre to see him breake
Than day or mornings eye,
When pleasant light appeares, and all
The World doth open lye.
The beauty of each Paradise,
And every goodly field,
All pleasant flowers, and whatsoere
A timely Spring can yeeld.
'Tis true indeed, the stately Arch
That *Solomon* had rais'd,
The Holyest of Holies was
Of all the World much prais'd;
For 'twas orelaid with plates of Gold,
And pav'd with pretious stones,
The light was there, and Candlesticks
Both rich and royall ones.
There was the Table and the wings
Oth' Cherubins of Gold,
The Arke was there of Shittim wood,
Right glorious to behold
The written Law of God was there,
And Manna sent from Heaven,
With Aarons rod that grew again,

Though

Though first of life bereaven.
Twas there the Highest gave his voyce
And also did abide,
The presence of his glorious face
Was seene there to reside.
He did both heare there, & was heard,
A very heavenly place:
But a diviner far was he
Who by that shadowed was;
When all the beauty of this house,
And *Solomon* was seene,
What an astonishment it strooke,
In the *Sabean* Queene!
This matchles Church she saw, & then
His owne Majesticke Throne,
His Court, his Port, & then his House,
A very peerelesse one,
His traine of Servants, with the grace
And Order that they went,
Their rich attire beseeming well
A Princes Regiment,
Shee catcht each word fell from his mouth
With an attentive eare,
And

And O the Lord be prais'd, quoth she,
That ever I came here.
Why did I not beleeve? I find
Now 'twas a true report,
And that of thy renowne and fame,
The rumor came too short.
Right happy are thy servants, that
Stand alwaies in thy sight,
They heare the wisdome of thy heart,
And see thy power and might;
Thus said the Queen. But are our songs
Of fraile and earthly Kings?
No sure, our hearts of none but thee
O blessed Saviour sings.
What sweete expressions of thy grace
And mercy hath beene made?
Yet thou art glorious above all
That ever hath beene said.
Thou hath bin of thy marvellous acts
Exceeding great report;
And yet what ever man can say,
Comes infinitely short.
I'm quite above my selfe, when I
Thy

Thy excellence would conceive,
The very thought of thee doth quite
Me of my selfe bereave.
Blest eye, who as Gods onely Sonnes
Saw thy uncovered face,
And as he had desir'd, beheld
Thy Majesty and grace.
Why, can the heart of man conceive
A happinesse like this?
Might I but see thy face O God,
Ide wish no other blisse.
O come and see, not *Salomon*
His glory or his Crowne,
But him who is th' eternall King
Of glory and renowne.
Looke on his glorious person, see
His most majesticke gate,
His goodly face, his God-like grace,
And his imperiall state.
O marke what beauty is within,
What excellent Majesty,
O inexpressive sweetnesse this!
O sole felicity!

Thou

Thou look'ſt upon me O my love,
And caught'ſt me with a becke,
Thou didſt entangle me throughout,
With one chaine of thy necke;
And now a ruſh for all the World,
All beauty, every face;
They're moſt contemptible to this,
Moſt ſordid, vile, and baſe.
O what a nothing is the World,
Compar'd with this our King?
Alas! what would I give that I
His fulneſſe could but ſing?
O that I could ſo utter it,
That every man might ſee't,
Then ſhould we all amazed fall
At thy moſt glorious feet.
Oh deare and pretious Saviour,
Let not thy face lie hid,
But to thy choſen ſhew thy ſelfe,
As *Solomon* once did.
Let all come forth and freely ſee
O faire and lovely one,
The Scepter and the Treaſurie

Of thy ſalvation.
We are thy Brethren, O thou farre
More ſweet than Paradice!
Amongſt the reſt, O let thoſe ſweetes
And bleſſings me entice.
Thy lovers, O thou lovely one,
Thy lovers too are we,
We need not pray thee ope to ſuch
Thy hidden Treaſury.
To thee my ſoule bowes down, and oh
That it could lower fall!
Even ſo ſhall all the Kings of the earth,
Though neere ſo ſtout and tall;
To thee, O mighty one, they muſt
Their properties laid by,
Like humble vaſſals licke the duſt
In all humility.
Thy Kingdome and its Majeſty
All eyes ſhall clearely ſee,
At which ſo peereleſſe excellence,
Who can but bend the knee?
All corners of the earth ſhall fall,
And every Angell bow:

And can I then O my soule thinke
Thou wilt not worship too?
Are these those Saints & blessed Soules
That in thy presence stand,
To see the wisdome of the King
That all things doth Commande?
And shall not I approach the Throne
To see what may be seene,
As once before King *Salomon*
Did the *Sabean* Queene?
Alas! that time had wings to make
That day draw on apace:
Even so to all the Sonnes of men
Lord Jesus shew thy face.
And now I see, O joyfull soule,
Thou didst not trust in vaine,
Thou hast not put thy confidence
In a deceitfull man.
Why 'tis the King of glory this,
The very Prince of Peace,
The mighty God and Father of
Time that shall never cease,
The promis'd child, this, this is Christ
Ordain'

Ordain'd of God moſt high,
Under whoſe awfull throne ſubdu'd,
Angels and powers doe lie.
This is that rocke on whom for aye
Thy life O Soule depends,
Unto whoſe throne, as Frankincenſe,
My ſpirit thankeſ-giving ſends.
O God, how gracious thou haſt beene,
And mercifull to me,
To let me ſee my Chriſt the ſpring
Of all felicity?
No life, no liberty like this,
To ſee th' eternall King,
And him whom God for all our ſinnes
Hath ſent an offering.
Under whoſe raigne and ſoveraignty,
For ever to endure,
Where love and bleſſings ever grow,
No kingdome like this ſure.
I liv'd in a thicke darkeneſſe once,
A miſt did blind mine eyes,
But God tranſlated me, and ſet
My ſoule above the skies.

Where is rejoycing without end,
Triumphant joy I find,
Where Gods one un-expressed peace
Has repossest my minde.
There harboureth not a wicked man,
Nor an oppressor here,
Not one that in his heart a thought
Of violence doth beare.
Mongst us backbiters safely live;
And slanderers doe dwell,
But in this Kingdome there's not one
A shamefull lie will tell.
A thiefe or a deceitfull man,
Feares here to shew his head:
Or he that seekes his neighbors life,
On the forbidden bed.
Here all the Worthies are of God,
Upon whose heads doe sit
Fulnesse of love and quiet, with
The Spirit that sendeth it.
Gods Kingdome is in righteousnesse,
And peace ith' Holy Ghost:
Such treasures neither *Solomon*,

No

Nor India can boaſt.
On every tree, and every ſprig,
Fulneſſe of life doth grow;
In every river of this Land
Waters of life doe flow.
Here men are fed with Angels food,
And eate the bread of Saints,
Even laſting peace, which whoſoere
Is bleſt with, never faints.
Thoſe ſoules that enter at theſe gates
Shall never ſee a night,
For why? this Sun here ſets, but yeelds
An everlaſting light.
Alas, how much more happy 'tis
A ſervant here to be,
Than on the Vniverſe to enjoy
A totall Monarchy!
Ride on and proſper mighty King,
And let thy Empire ſpread
Beyond the bankes of utmoſt ſeas,
Or farthеſt people treads.
Subdue thy proud and haughty foes,
Whoſe will on earth is law;

And make them as the trodden dung,
And as the threshed straw.
May all Gods enemies expect,
No other end but this:
But prosperous fortune, mighty King,
Thy sword and Scepter kisse.
What honour hast thou, O my soule,
To be this Princes Sonne?
No servant ever so well far'd
Under King *Solomon*;
Though silver was as common dust,
And gold as stones ith' streete,
Firre trees & Fig trees fild the grounds,
Blessings in one did meet:
But thou O King of heaven and earth,
Art mightier than he,
Yea *Solomon* in all his state
Was but a type of thee.
To be thy subject or thy slave,
Is Sonne and Heire to be,
For why thy subjects Lord, are crownd
With immortality.
Thou seest, my soule, how good it is,

To serve this Majesty,
Whose service is eternall life,
And perfect liberty.
To him that us of Castawayes
Hath made the Priests of God,
And by his blood hath freed us from
The lawes revenging rod,
To him that hath left heaven to save
Us from eternall death,
Be given all honour, laud, and praise,
By every thing hath breath.

And now O Satan what a lye
My Soule has found thee in?
How common in thy shamefull mouth
Has beene this odious sin?
What foule aspersions hast thou cast
On spotlesse innocence;
And slandered the Lord of life,
Under a base pretence?
But God, who all things can discerne,
Hath published thy name,
And now behold, as when day breakes,

So I descry thy shame.
Thou him deceiver call'dst, but sure
Thou a deceiver art,
And of my Christ didst worke a foule
Suspition in my heart.
O full of all deceit and lies,
How hast thou troubled me?
And yet I thanke the Lord, in vaine
All thy temptations be. (raine
What though his owne on whom like
Or peace he did descend,
Against the Lord of life their speares
And fierce browes did bend?
What though they spat on's innocent
And hang'd him on a tree? (face
Tell me deceitfull spirit, ought
Not these things so to be?
Is not the wrath of God gone forth,
As a consuming fire?
And are not their posterity,
The subjects of his ire?
Is not upon their open browes
A bill of scandall writ?

So

So plainely every Christian can
With ease discover it.
What though seducing *Theudas* fell?
And *Judas* perished?
Were they not theeves and murderers,
Should they have better sped?
What though the seed of *Israel*,
Blaspheme his holy name;
Yet like to *Libanon* doth rise
Their uncontrouled fame.
What though their Power take root &
The vastest Ocean spread, (ore
Where like insulting Queenes they sit,
And on all Lawes doe tread?
A day will come and quickely too,
When they shall stumble all,
And the rejected stone shall grinde
Them into pieces small.
Yet thou contemnst me wicked one,
And cry'st my cruell vaine,
That all these things are fooleries,
Conceptions of my braine,
Nay in thy scorn thou laugh'st & say'st

What idle dreames are these?
How comes this fondling to believe
Impossibilities?
But God has tane thy veyle away,
And now I doe perceive
The foule intendment of thy heart
Was onely to deceive.
God hath declared that his Son
The authour is of life,
And thou pernitious Hypocrite
Of all debate and strife.
Thou'st plaid the man with me indeed
And strove me to defeat,
Yea, thou hast tempted me full oft,
And sifted me as wheate:
But was I ever seene to shrinke,
Or fearefully to stand?
Oh no, the great and mighty Lord
Upheld me with his hand.
Such were his sleights, we could not soone
Obtaine the victory,
But of much more continuance
Triumphs and joy shall be.

I ſeem'd indeed my ſelfe to fight,
But 'twas the ſpirit within,
'Twas he that did this happy end
Of my temptations bring.
And now what comfort doe I find?
What joy's within my breaſt?
My eyes were ſhut, but now I ſee,
God pre-ordain'd my reſt.
And now I find that none can ſay
But by the Holy Ghoſt,
That Jeſus is the living Lord,
Howere men ſay we boaſt.
None can but he whoſe quickned heart
The Spirit of God inflames,
Who knows ſalvation comes by Chriſt
And by no other meanes.

MEDITATION. II.

Of our Redemption by Christ.

O Blest be God, for ever blest,
in glory may he sit.
For why? his watchful hand me plucks
from the infernall pit.
From darkenesse, such as might be felt,
from fire in which I fell,
That very God hath sav'd my soule,
and from the pit of hell,
I've hope'd, I blesse my God, I am
deliver'd and set free.
But who in all the world can guesse
What might this ransome be?
Even that unvaluable blood
Of God's eternall Sonne,
At that great price I purchas'd was,

a very wondrous one.
Had he not dy'd, I surely had,
death was prepar'd for me,
Eternall death; the mouth of hell
wide open I could see.
Then would th'eternall wrath of God
have lickt me up as flame;
And as the fire, he would have burnt
and rased out my name.
Thicke darknesse my close prison was
a chaine on either hand,
Condemn'd, adjudg'd to endlesse death
the sentence firme must stand.
Twas right according to Gods Law;
no way but dye I must,
Unlesse for me Gods onely Sonne
would perish as the dust.
All would be well againe, if he
would spare his pretious blood,
Or else no streams of oyle would serve,
or th'swelling Oceans flood.
But who would ere have thought that
Glories eternall King,

(he
Would

Would ere have left his throne to lay
downe ſuch an offering;
That he would have debas'd himſelfe
for ſuch a wretch as I,
And for the very child of death
to condeſcend to die?
Who above hope could ere hope this?
Mans heart too narrow is,
To comprehend or thinke of ſuch
an unexpected bliſſe.
But when there was no way but that
for ever I muſt dye,
He in th' abundance of his love
with his life mine would buy.
Both undeſir'd and undeſerv'd
for me his life he laid,
He brake my cord, and burſt my chain,
and downe my ranſome pay'd,
He ſet me free, and dy'de my death,
he bluſht not at the ſhame:
But laughing at their mockeries
he ventured on the flame.

the Winepresse he did tread,
The weight he bore was wondrous great,
water and blood he shed.
Though prest downe to the very dust,
yet off he did not cast
Those curses he did beare for me,
but clung to the crosse fast.
Eternall life, his life laid downe
for us both woe and wan,
And God the blessed God was made
a curse for cursed man.
O depth of love and bottomelesse
man cannot reach't I wis,
The firmament, or whatsoere
then satan lowor is,
The Seas with labour may be past,
'tis frequent in our time,
But this, as God himselfe, no bounds
or limits can confine.
Thinke you he was but common love
for love of man to dye,
And that we might be rais'd aloft,

O infinitely lov'd mankind,
the darling of thy God,
For thee thy Saviour hath felt
his Fathers irefull rod.
The Angels mighty were, but thou
below'd of God above, (power,
They'd strength and all commanding
but thou the strength of love.
O strange! did God come downe from
and for man, man was made? (heaven,
Nay, did he suffer for poore man
those torments as you said?
And is my life a man for whom
that mighty God did dye?
What I the poore and vilest worme,
the sonne of misery?
O worthyer of greater love
than my close brest can hold,
Let it by all posterity
to their sonnes sonnes be told.
All places ring of this, the Court
and eke the Sanctuary,
Let it in every publicke street

the

the subject of Songs be.
Let this incomprehensible
and boundlesse love of God,
Be blown with Trump & shrillest voyce
through all the world abroad.
When thou dost feele a damping griefe
sinke thy tormented heart,
A thought of this will raise it againe,
And free it from all smart.
Tis life unto thee, and will free
thy soule from deaths annoy,
O heart how canst thou chuse at this
but even dance for joy?
Thy Father, Mother, or thy Nurse
did nere love thee so well,
Nor yet thy friend, though he was said
within thee for to dwell.
Why with that precious sort of blood
so freely to be bought
Was such a worke as mortall men
nor could, nor would have wrought.
But he did dye, indeed he did,
he suffered all my smart,

That Agony and bloody ſweat,
that would have ſeis'd my heart:
This was a wonder ſure, but I
as great a one can tell,
My Saviour onely did not dye,
but I my ſelfe as well.
His death was mine, his croſs my curſe
with him upon the tree
My body faſtned was, the paine
did ſtretch each artery.
Then was I toſt by Unicornes,
and torne with Lions clawes,
The Buls of *Baſan* clos'd me in,
and rent me in their jawes,
The Angels fixt on me their eyes,
and the deſpiſers hurld
Their mockes upon me, and me call'd
the ſcumme and ſcoffe oth' world.
Whipped I was, & crownd wth thorns,
of man a worme was made;
They trod upon me, and with death
to feare me they aſſay'd.
As a third thiefe upon the croſſe

with Christ I hanged was,
And when on his, then on my head,
sentence of death did passe.
Oh then was this worlds Judgement day,
at that same very houre,
The Prince of darknesse was cast out,
and spoyl'd of all his power.
Then dead by the death of the Prince,
the Prince of death became;
The roaring Lion vanquish'd was
by th'undefiled Lambe.
Then both the Son, and Sons of God,
yea all the world, I say,
According to Gods righteous Lawes,
beheld their judgement day.
As still as drops in fleece of wooll,
or shadow did it passe,
Or like the softly gliding streames,
or dew on tender grasse.
Twas nothing like that judgement day
that draweth on so fast,
Which shall be with the voyce of trump,
with storme and tempests blast.

With

With flaming and devouring fire,
when both the earth shall shake,
And at the presence of the Lord,
the melting heavens shall quake.
Twill be a fearefull day indeed,
and that was fearefull too,
When Gods own Sonne amazed stood
and quite astonyed grew,
When he sweat blood, & to God cry'd,
to take away the cup,
When darknesse was ore all the world
although the Sunne was up.
When Christ was hangd on cursed tree,
and in him all we here,
At sight of which the earth amaz'd,
trembled and shooke for feare.
The Sunne waxt pale and was abasht,
the graves gave up their dead,
The Saints into *Jerusalem*,
from opened Coffins fled.
A very Judgement day was this,
yea, twas my day indeed,
Then suffer'd I for my owne sinne,
then

then was I ſeene to bleed.
Twas I was ſtretcht upon the Croſſe,
I hang'd, twas I did dye,
It was my blood that then was ſhed
my Saviour gave it me.
My ſelfe did ſuffer, for to me
his very ſelfe he gave;
And when he dyed, then was my ſelfe
buryed with him in's grave.
Three dayes under deaths hand I lay,
he domineer'd ore me,
And as inſulting Conquerors,
even ſo triumphed he.
But Death was trodden downe at laſt,
and life did victor dwell:
My death is dead, my croſſe accurs'd,
and hell is caſt to hell.
Now all as watch the night is paſt,
Death his deaths wound I gave,
But all in Chriſt, through who beſides
eternall life I have.
My ſufferings now are at an end,
damnation is quite paſt;

The

The day of my curſe now is fled,
Death can no longer laſt,
Eternall death I nere ſhall ſee;
what endleſſe was, has end.
O endleſſe mercy this! O power
to which all things ſhall bend!
And now inlarge thy heart, O man;
all bleſſings, thankes, and praiſe
Aſcribe to God, who Jeſus Chriſt
from death to life did raiſe.
His right hand pluckt him from the grave
and quickned him againe,
And now behold, above the heavens
he glorioufly doth raigne.
And as before with him I dyed,
and ſuffered torments thrall,
So, as a Conqueror with him,
I roſe and vanquiſh'd all;
And now I live, bleſſed be God,
to bleſſe my bleſſed King,
And ſongs of my deliverance
for ever-more to ſing.
But one was judg'd, yet in that one

a judgement past on all,
And though death was particular,
yet it was generall.
I then was curſed, and yet bleſt,
ſmitten, but heal'd againe,
In hell I was, and yet on earth,
pierced, but felt no paine.
And thus to what mans ſhallow thoughts
can never reach unto,
Or what words never can expreſſe,
God with a word can doe.
And thus doth Jeſus Chriſt appeare
to them which faithfull be,
The wiſdome, and omnipotent power
of higheſt Majeſty,
And thus I doe perſwade my ſelfe,
that I with Jeſus dyed,
And with Saint *Paul* confeſſe that I
with Chriſt was crucifyed.
And thus I ſee mercy and truth
doe both together meet,
And righteouſneſſe with quiet peace,
each other friendly greet.

And thus I see a dead man live,
and who was once abhor'd,
Accepted now by God himselfe
through Jesus Christ our Lord.
Already O my soule thou hast
beene taken for thy sinnes,
And brought before the Judgment seat
of proud and cruell Kings.
They spat upon thee, and in scorne
the scoffers bent their knee,
What malice could, or rage invent,
they did inflict on thee.
But thou hast broken up hell gates,
and risen from the grave,
Yea thou from their insulting hands
thy innocent selfe didst save.
No curse or condemnation
shall ever thee molest:
But thy safe soule shall now injoy
an everlasting rest.
Thou dyedst with him, and thou shalt
thou suffered'st, and shalt raigne: (live
All thy afflictions now are fled,

and

and joy begins againe.
O what a comfort tis to know,
that my damnation's paſt,
And that I now ſhall live with God
where pleaſures alwayes laſt?
It is my joy that ſorrow's gone,
'tis heaven to conquer hell.
What greater bleſſing than to live
where curſes never dwell?
What if as yet I were not freed,
my ranſome not yet paid,
What ſhould then I give for my life,
to have the judgement ſtay'd?
Say I ſhould Sheepe and Oxen bring,
the firſtlings of my flocke,
Or offer up ſweet Frankincenſe,
the fat of all my flocke.
Had I diſpers'd abroad as ſeed,
and on the thirſty ground,
As long expected water drops,
or wiſh'd for raine heere found,
If I as *Job* for hungry ſoules
my choyſeſt cates ſhould dreſſe,

And

And with my warmeſt garments cloath
my Brothers nakedneſſe;
If I the fatherleſſe had tooke
and fosterd as my owne,
Or if a Temple I had built,
as once did *Salomon*;
Though for the poore houſes I had
Or Schooles for Prophets made,
Though for my ranſome ſtreames of blood
or Oyle ſhould have bin paid,
This and ten thouſand times as much,
had neere effectuall beene
For purging my polluted ſoule,
or wiping off one ſinne.
Nothing was pretious before God,
but Gods owne pretious blood.
Had he not dyed, my ſentence yet
in perfect force had ſtood.
To purchaſe heaven, had I this earth,
and whatſoever is ſeene
To carry any worthineſſe,
it would as nothing beene.
Had I worne ſackecloath, and in duſt
caſt

caſt my ſelfe humbly downe,
Covering my deſpicable head
with Aſhes for a Crowne;
My daies and ſtrength had I conſum'd
in never ceaſing teares,
Had hunger eaten up my fleſh,
and beauty of my yeares,
Had I been whipt with cords of braſſe,
or did my fleſh inciſe,
With hope to be like *Baals* Prieſts,
my ſelfe the Sacrifice;
Yet this could nere have equall beene
with death and darkneſſe chaines:
There's no compariſon twixt theſe
and hels eternall paines.
O no alas! the ſting of death
is worſer far then ſo,
Theſe paines are finite, but in hell
is everlaſting woe.
Theſe things are true, as truth it ſelfe,
and ſeal'd with Gods owne ſeale;
O happy is that man whoſe heart
the Spirit of God doth fill.

Gods name I alwayes will extoll,
because he lets me see
Those things belong unto my peace,
and my felicity.

MEDI-

MEDITATION. III.

Of the Righteousnesse of Faith.

O Vile and inconsiderate man,
what mischiefes have I done?
Into what unfrequented paths
hath my affections run?
It shameth, it repenteth me,
my spirit waxeth faint,
So that from Morne to Evening Sun,
I lift up my complaint;
I cast me downe before Gods throne,
my spirit within me failes,
I cry, yea cry aloud to heaven,
yet all this nought availes.
But oh unwise, why doe not I
my fruitlesse clamors cease,

And flye unto the Lord of life,
and there lay hold on peace?
Why let I not the ſpirit exalt
and faith requicken me?
Chriſt dyed for ſin, and yet I live
in my iniquity;
As from a Fountaine, ſo diſtill'd
the water from his ſide,
The blood guſh'd out as waters doe
at an unuſuall tyde.
He girt himſelfe and waſhed me,
as milke he made me white,
And as the driven ſnow, ſo pure
appear'd I in his ſight;
With water he beſprinkled me,
and clens'd me from dead workes,
Within me no corruption,
No ſpot or wrinckle lurkes.
In me as *Jacob*, not the leaſt
tranſgreſſion there bin,
And as in *Iſrael*, ſo the Lord
beholds in me no ſin.
Forgiveneſſe and redemption,

by his deare blood I have,
And God in thee the very wiſh
of my deſires gave ;
That I am waſh'd, is that I wiſh'd,
and now what reſts beſide,
But that my ſoule enjoying peace
contentedly abide?
But oh how troubled was I once?
what burdens did I beare?
And notwithſtanding all my filth,
naked did I appeare.
My hidden ſin lay ope, I ſaw
its foule deformity,
But out alas, how foule it was,
how loathſome to the eye!
I ſo abhor'd it, that I ſcorne
to hide me from its view,
And reaſon had I, for ſo vile
a monſter I nere knew.
O evill, nothing ill but this!
but then I thought I would
Avoid my ſinne, but it the more
my flying ſteps purſued.

It clave unto me as my skin,
or marrow to my bones,
Yea, so it was, I did possesse
my most abhorred ones;
Then with deep sighes, and cast downe
unto the Lord I came, (lookes,
And beg'd he would conceale my sin,
and cloud my open shame.
I beg'd, and ceas'd not day or night,
my sin provok'd me to't,
I wish'd the Lord would make me clean
and thinke you he would do't?
Yea, I perceiv'd that he had cleans'd
my spotlesse leprosie,
And with his richest mantle cloath'd
my late deformity.
The garments he adorn'd me with,
(what could he more have done?)
Were even the goodlyest and the best
Of his beloved Sonne;
The riches of his Treasury,
to me he did discover,
And with perfum'd, and finest cloath,

he cloathed me all over.
My garlands ſmelt of Caſſia,
and other pretious ſtemmes,
The ground-worke was refined gold,
beſet with ſhining gemmes.
The King himſelfe to ſhew his love,
his endleſſe love to me,
From his own ſhoulders took the robe
of ſpotleſſe purity.
So that my ſhamefull nakedneſſe
was now no longer ſeene,
My ſinfull ſin became to me,
as it had never beene.
I once was poore, but now am rich,
my nakedneſſe is gone,
My darkeneſſe fled, ſo that I ſhine
as the Meridian Sunne.
What greater glory could there be,
than to be cloath'd with God?
He drew his skin upon my ſin,
his blood upon my blood.
Thus was I made the bleſſed man,
whoſe wickedneſſe was hid,

To whom the Lord imputes no ſinne,
of all that ere I did.
O bleſt be God, I put on Chriſt,
his righteouſneſſe, his ſpirit,
His body, ſoule, his skin, his fleſh,
his forme I did inherit.
How chang'd I was, how altered!
I was not now the ſame,
For I of mortall man, the Sonne
of God himſelfe became.
To worke my endleſſe miſery,
Satan was ſtrongly bent,
To rob and captivate my ſoule,
it was his ſole intent,
But God the Lord with mighty hand
my deſtin'd paines did beare,
So that my latter bleſſings, farre
more than my former were.
My poverty became my wealth,
I got by that I loſt,
For old and uncouth rags my minde
was cloath'd with holy Ghoſt,
That righteouſnes which was my own
like

like vapors vanquiſht quite,
And as a miſt before the Sunne,
ſo fled it from my ſight,
And in its roome the ſpotleſſe robe
of pureſt ſanctity,
The righteouſneſſe of Gods owne Son
did overſhadow me.
O bleſſed God, and loving Chriſt,
how amply tis made good,
That as ſinne did abound, ſo grace
ſuperabounding ſtood? (poore
And thus the Lord would have me
that I thereby might know
Thoſe pretious riches that in him
doe never ebbing flow.
And now O Satan, what haſt thou
againſt Gods Sonne to ſay?
Thou art to accuſe the guilty man:
alas, hee's ſlipt away.
I am the man that nere knew ſin,
thou wouldſt the old man have,
But he with Chriſt was crucifide,
and buryed in his grave.

And being dead he liveth not,
but I the new man am.
Thou me a ſinner wouldſt accuſe,
but I am not the ſame.
Thou for the child of *Beliall*,
eternall paines doſt breed,
But I am Son and heire of God,
begotten of his ſeed.
And what haſt thou wherof thou canſt
the Sonne of God reprove?
When Chriſt himſelfe acquitteth me,
dar'ſt thou a ſlander move?
Who is't can ſay I am a Thiefe,
though I have often ſtole?
Or who blaſphemer, thogh my mouth
with bitter oathes hath ſwolne?
I am no lyer though I ly'd,
I ſinn'd, yet have no ſinne,
Who dares againſt the elect of God
an accuſation bring?
If God the Lord but juſtifie,
if he but ſet me free,
Dares any be ſo raſhly bold,

as

as to diſquiet me?
Tis Chriſt that dy'd, nay more, tis he
the barres of death that breakes,
And tis not I, that ſayes theſe things,
but Chriſt within me ſpeakes.
Gods wiſdome how profound it is,
how deepe his counſells are!
His judgments are unſearchable,
above our wiſedomes farre.
Why was there ever worke like this,
that who did God diſgrace,
Should be accepted for his Sonne,
and have the higheſt place,
That he who with malicious words
his brothers fame did wound,
Within his mouth ſhold have no guile
or ranckorous ſlander found,
That he who hath tranſgreſt the Law,
ſhould nere tranſgreſſe the ſame,
But free from all corruption, live
without deſerved blame?
No Metamorphoſis like this,
one's age for to renue,

And of an old and withered man,
become indeed a new;
For man to be the Sonne of God,
and he that's borne of earth,
To be the man, the Lord of heaven,
by a miraculous birth;
For him that erſt was nought but ſin,
ſin to have never knowne,
The Poets never ſpake or dreampt
ſuch wonders as this one.
To juſtifie the unjuſt man,
th'unrighteous to make pure,
To undoe what was done, and looſe
what Satan bound ſo ſure,
No power could ever doe like this,
but he who all things can,
Beyond what ever ſinkes into
the breſt of any man.
The eare ſuch miracles as theſe
had nere the power to heare,
Nor yet our eyes could never ſee,
though nere ſo quicke and cleare.
When men had thought there was no
hope it

it ever could be done,
Then God did doe it, and the ſinne
which was done is undone.
Thoſe faults which I did once commit
are not committed now,
And he is guiltleſſe that did once
for lucre breake his vow.
Oh what a price would I have given
to have my conſcience purg'd!
How did I wiſh to have my ſinnes
remov'd, that ſo me urg'd!
And ſee my God the very wiſh
of my deſires gave,
He did diſcover that thoſe things
I did requeſt I have.
And thus with confidence I ſay,
the Lord can witneſſe it,
That though I have committed ſin,
I nere committed it.
Thy righteouſneſſe I have not hid
O Lord within my breſt,
Nor yet the knowledge of thy grace
have I denyed the reſt.

And thus to every ſtedfaſt heart,
whoſe ſpirit theſe truthes doth ſee,
The wiſdome and the power of God
doth Chriſt appeare to be.
And thus is Chriſt the end, and the
fulfilling of the Law;
And thus is Faith the evidence
of things we never ſaw.
And thus, unrighteous as I am,
full righteous I remaine,
And though I daily do tranſgreſſe,
without a ſpot or ſtaine.
Thus being unjuſt, there is a way
from miſchiefe to be free.
In death there's life, in ſin no blame
nor in iniquity.
This muſt be meant when we doe ſay
there's righteouſneſſe by faith,
And 'tis a better far than that
the painefull worker hath.
To wit, that faith aſſureth us
our ſinnes are all forgiven
By Chriſts owne death without all
our

our ſcores are all made even.
Better to us by farre is Chriſt
than were the law obey'd,
And then a thouſand *Adams* what
our Saviour for us paid.
The firſt man brought his righteouſnes
and eke the ſecond too.
Chriſt his from heaven, *Adam* from earth,
alas, it would not doe.
The firſt was mans, and was of man,
how poore I wis and vaine;
The ſecond was of God himſelfe,
of a diviner ſtraine.
Our's is but as a filthy clout,
as durt and dung to this,
Twas freely given, and yet than it
there is no greater bliſſe.
His by Creation *Adam* had,
I this by Gods free love,
It is a jewell that I prize,
all earthly wealth above:
All that I have, I would have gave
to purchaſe this ſame gemme;

But all was not enough, this one
by farre out-valued them.
Now farewell all, and welcome this,
and happy be the day,
That first invested me with it,
O let it shine alway,
O let it mongst the dayes of heaven
in golden lines be writ,
May no unlucky thing befall,
for to discredit it.
This is that righteousnesse wherein
for ever I must boast,
T'was freely given as aire or breath,
it nothing did me cost.
In this I trust, on this alone,
as on a rocke I stay,
And surely it will currant passe
at the great Judgement day.
At sight of this, all that was mine,
I utterly denyed.
Alasse! it was but drosse and dung,
as all the world beside.
All things behind me have I cast

as doth the Snake her skin,
Or he who having coſtly cloathes,
the torne ones he was in.
I have deſpis'd them as the clay,
or dunghill in the ſtreete,
Yea all the glory of this world
I trample under feete.
All thoſe well-ſeeming ſpecious works
I valued ſo before,
As dung, as filthy loathſome dung
I utterly abhorre.
That rich and glorious attire,
in which I vanted ſo,
Which having on, my neareſt friend,
if poore, I ſcarce would know,
What was my gay and ſilken coates,
my cloath of fineſt thred,
But as a flower that faire appeares
and ſtraightwayes withered?
O now, ſaid I, foule take thy cafe,
for thou ſhalt never want,
When as indeed, I was as poore
and naked as the Ant.

In mire I wallowed as a hog,
yet thought I was well cloath'd,
But out alas, to God himselfe,
how foule I was and loath'd!
O vaine, and too too credulous men,
how we doe set esteeme
On that which is in deed nought lesse,
than what we vainely deeme!
O ever blest and happy men,
whom Christ had mercy on,
Whose blood hath clens'd and purifi'd
from your corruption, (hath changd
Whom God hath wash'd, whom God
and with the light array'd,
So that henceforward, no report
can make your soule afraid!
And thus by sin I was cast downe
that I by that might know
The value and esteemed worth
that in his grace doth flow.
I was cast downe to be lift up,
and that I might well know
The riches of his righteousnesse,

m

my weakeneſſe he did ſhow.
Oh who is ſo foole-valiant,
as to approach his ire?
Or who ſo bold as to draw nere
the all-conſuming fire? (Judge
Who then ſhall live, when the great
of heaven and earth ſhall riſe,
And in a robe of ſparkling light
approach our dazled eyes?
Even the man that lives in Chriſt,
ſhall feele no wounding hand,
And though both heaven and earth do
yet he ſhall firmely ſtand: (fal,
But Chriſt ſure wil not Chriſt condemn
but as his choſen ſheepe
From the prepared vengeance ſafe
as his owne ſelfe will keepe.
For why? Righteous ſhall appeare
being with Chriſt array'd,
And into Gods owne Image chang'd
by whom I firſt was made:
Then Chriſt himſelfe in man ſhall ſee
the glory of his face,

As

As in a glaſſe he ſhall behold
his owne reflected grace,
And as the Judge himſelfe, ſo ſhall
he that is judged be;
In whom being chang'd, Chriſt, onely
ſhall Chriſt himſelfe then ſee. (Chriſt
He ſhall be full of innocence,
the man that nere knew ſin,
Chriſt ſhall his Image ſee in him,
his fleſh, his bone, his skin.
What ere is old ſhall paſſe away,
and all ſhall become new,
The heavens, the earth, & man beſides,
ſhall God himſelfe renew.
As *Adam* was, ſo ſhall he be,
as *Adam* did I ſay?
Yea as the man and Lord from heaven,
that did his ranſome pay,
And he who firſt was borne below,
and was a man of earth,
As God himſelfe ſo ſhall he be,
by a more noble birth:
He ſhall be call'd (O bleſſed name!)

Gods

Gods owne begotten Son ;
Yea, as his first begotten is,
he shall be such a one.
For outward shape, and inward forme,
so glorious without,
So rich and glorious within,
so innocent throughout:
Cleane shall his Saviour him present,
before the Judgement Throne,
When men nor Angels nought shall bring
gainst such a righteous one. (
Him God and's conscience shall acquit,
by both he shall be prais'd,
And as the Angels, his free soule
'bove terror shall be rais'd.
The Lord shall save him, happy man!
and then the proud shall see,
How vaine and idle their threats were,
and after silent be.
But man how greatly art thou bound,
to him who did all this,
Who purg'd thy guilt, and sav'd thy soule
from death and hels abysse,

That

That tooke away thy foule rebuke
and accuſation,
And made the righteous before God
an undefiled one.
The day wil come when thou ſhalt feel
the warmth of this within,
And unto God the Lord ſhall ſay,
how great thy mercies beene!
When gladneſſe ſhall enlarge thy heart,
and thou amaz'd ſhalt ſtand,
Beholding what the Lord hath done,
the worke of his owne hand:
Then ſhal thy tongue with many more
all fild with the ſame ſpirit,
Whoſe hearts are full as free as thine,
and the ſame love inherit,
Extoll the glory of thy God,
and praiſe his bleſſed Sonne,
In the ſame ſong agreeing all,
as if you were but one.
Oh 'tis a worthy worke indeed
the beſt that man can doe,
And as it is the worthyeſt,

ſo

ſo't ſhall be endleſſe too.
Had death but got the upper-hand,
how thou hadſt beene diſgrac'd?
Had thine accuſers but prevail'd,
thou hadſt beene quite defac'd;
But now the danger's paſt and gone,
thy doubts and feares are ore,
And all the lowring clouds of death
ſhall fright thy ſoule no more.
Thus whomſoever God ſhall pleaſe
to honour with his love,
From out the groveling preſſe of cares
his ſoule he will remove.

MEDI-

MEDITATION. IV.

Concerning our reconciliation by Christ our Lord.

THe Lord, our good and gracious (Lord
that is to anger slow,
But in all truth and righteousnesse
abundantly doth flow,
Forgiving those whose crooked wills
his goodnesse did offend,
And as the a're, to all the world,
his mercy doth extend.
Tis true indeed that for a while
he seem'd me to forsake,
But now into his armes of love
for aye he doth me take.
In his due time my Father tooke
me his forsaken Sonne:
Oh love, so friendly to receive

a poore despised one!
He doth imbrace me in his armes,
and gives me many a kisse,
His ring upon my hand was put,
and all things worke my blisse.
The fatted calfe, and spotlesse Lambe,
to slaughter went for me.
The seales of love did cover all
my foule iniquity,
The finding of his once lost Sonne,
did so rejoyce his heart,
That heaven, and all the Angels there,
in joy doe beare a part.
As I was comming home, with armes
of Love he did me meete,
And oh how often did his lips
with mine together meet!
His bowels yearn'd at sight of me,
and welcome did he say;
Yea quite as welcome as if there
had'st never stray'd away.
And thus unkind although I was,
my Father yet was kind.

And gladly tooke whom all the world
had cast out of their mind.
The world forsooke me, but the heavens
wide open spread their gates: (veins
Thus he the darling is of God,
whom foolish worldlings hates.
Why art thou troubled O my heart?
what anguish doth thee move?
What pensive sadnesse doth disturbe
thee and thy former love?
Weep not poore soule, for see the Lord
gives thee thy hearts desire:
Oh see, though sorrows cast thee down
thy God doth lift thee higher?
Thou art not loaden so with sin,
thy teares doe dimme thy sight,
For Christ hath tooke the burden off,
that did thy soule affright.
O man that fearest, see thy feare,
the utmost of thy smart,
I will discover to thy soule
the anguish of thy heart.
Indeed I will declare the truth,

thou art but a dead man,
But 'tis to fin, fin in thy ſoule
hath done the worſt it can.
That which did ſlay thee, now is ſlain,
ſin hath his deadly wound,
And now O man thou ſeeſt the worſt,
that in thee can be found.
Thy ſickneſſe is become thy health,
what eaſe like thy diſeaſe?
To periſh thus was to revive,
how can this chuſe but pleaſe?
And now O man, why art thou ſad?
and bluſhing hid'ſt thy face?
O that thou ſaw'ſt how faire thou art
thy glories comely grace!
Oh that thine eye-lids open were,
to ſee thy bleſſed ſtate!
Twould make thy heart within thee
and all ſad thoughts abate, (leap,
Alas, alas! why doſt thou droope,
when all is ſafe and ſound?
Why faintſt thou, when beholld within
no griefe or wound is found?

Thou liv'ſt, and yet thou ſay'ſt I dye,
thou'rt bleſt, what needſt thou feare?
The ſacrifice for ſin is paſt,
its weight why ſhouldſt thou beare?
Let joy and gladneſſe cheare thy heart
let griefe and ſorrow ceaſe;
How vaine is feare, when God & thee,
art at eternall peace?
O penſive man! behold I come
from God to comfort thee:
Goe comfort the diſtruſtfull man,
revive his ſpirits, ſayes he,
Goe tell *Jeruſalem* that all
her ſtormes are paſt and gone,
Her paines are ceaſd, her ſins are quite
forgotten every one.
The price for ſin is amply paid,
tis this we are to Preach,
Goe tell all Nations this, ſaith he,
no other Doctrine teach.
And think'ſt thou then, O man, that I
will dumbe or ſilent be?
Yes I will tell thee what my Chriſt
hath

hath freely done for thee.
There came a man from heaven to earth
the great Kings only Son,
His errand was to treat of peace,
Oh twas a heavenly one!
Both God and Man he was, that both
might reconciled be,
Twixt whom a covenant was made
for all eternity.
He coupled both in his owne selfe,
of two he made us one;
No disagreement ere shall breake
so firme an Union.
The angry heavens and sinfull earth,
were each gainst other bent,
But Christ by offering up himselfe,
did make them both relent.
So that in one they now are met,
and joyntly doe agree,
To publish which, Gods royall bolls
and Ministers are we.
O welcome newes! me thinks my heart
doth leape within my breft,

While glory unto God I sing,
to men eternall rest,
Tis none of our inventions this,
to tell it God was pleas'd,
This is my Son, sayes he, in whom
my Spirit is appeas'd.
To witnesse which that royall guest,
the good mans joy and cheare,
The Spirit of God into our breast,
like Sunshine did appeare:
Feare did befet us, but this Spirit
spoke peace unto our heart,
Tis Gods owne spirit, and Gods owne Peace,
to us it doth impart.
Which whosoever doth possesse
to all men will declare,
In open streets, or where soere
the great Assemblies are;
And let not him whose weaker minde
these truthes cannot attaine,
Cry out with proud and scornfull lips
fie out, tis all but vaine,
For as our eye allureth us

of

of what we plainely see,
So doth Gods Spirit manifest
this heavenly mystery.
O harken, and I will you tell
such newes as nere was told,
My brest is swolne with quicke desires,
till I this truth unfold,
A peace 'twixt God and man is made,
an everlasting peace,
Though time and world may have an end,
yet this shall never cease.
Upon our hearts by Gods owne hand
the Covenant is writ,
The blood, the pretious blood of Christ
for aye hath sealed it.
And now away from me all ye,
that worke my soules distresse,
Unwelcome griefe and sad distrust,
be gone from me, I say:
And be thou cheery O my soule,
and to thy Father sing,
With voyces sweetest melody,
a joyfull Anthem ring.

Thy weakned hands and feeble knees,
shall vigor now receive;
Yea with redoubled strength thy weake
and drooping spirits shall live.
Me thinkes I am not what I was,
this newes has made me new:
Tis such a message as the heart
of mortall man nere knew,
The very feete of those blest men,
that can such tidings tell,
Are farre more beautifull than those
mongst worldlings most excell.
All other thoughts but onely this
I banish quite away,
This is the shield, the rocke, the tower,
on which my soule shall stay.
O blessed man! my peace is made,
my God and I are one,
Ten thousand sins shall never breake
this happy union.
For though I multiply my sins,
in number 'bove the sand,
My God howere is still the same,

his

his truth must firmely stand;
O blessed peace, and blessed day,
on which this peace was wrought!
For ever be thou blest, O Christ,
whose blood this peace hath bought.
Had't thou not liv'd, O holy one,
I surely should have dyed,
Each sin had beene my death, & would
me and my God divide.
His peace and friendship had bin lost,
nere to be found againe,
In stead whereof an endlesse warre
and discord would remaine.
But now this feare is past and gone,
his Soule was paid for mine,
The ransome and redemption,
O holy one, was thine.
Be thou exalted O my Soule,
and leape within my breast,
For now thy God and thee are friends
his holy name be blest,
Yea blest for ever be his name,
whose might hath turn'd away

That vengeance and consuming fire,
which never would decay,
Who valiantly stood in the breach
when death and hell came on,
And brought with thē an endles curse,
he vanquish'd every one,
And Champion-like maintain'd the field
till victory was obtain'd,
Which notwithstanding, for we men,
not for himselfe he gain'd:
He bore the brunt, and we the fruite
of all his paines doe reape,
Then let our love and thankfulnesse,
no bounds or limits keepe.
Would'st thou the true and perfect use
of thy Redeemer know?
O listen, and I will it teach,
and faithfully will show.
If thou through sin dost hang thy head
and blushing hid'st thy face,
Because thou think'st God hath with-drawn
the lustre of his face;
Yet though its malice doth suggest

thou

thou canſt not pardoned be,
Since wittingly thou didſt offend
ſo good a God as hee
Yet notwithſtanding O my Chriſt,
thou wilt my pardon pleade.
And thus betweene my God and me
thy love will intercede.
What though his ſins are numberleſſe;
for ſuch as theſe I dyed,
Yea, ſin it ſelfe upon the Croſſe,
with me was crucifyed.
And if 'tis crucifyed, 'tis dead,
and here ſhall riſe againe;
But falling once, it quite confumes,
as doth the miſſing raine.
Thou knowſt my Father that I am
the Mercy ſeate alone,
Thou knowſt that I am Lord and King
what I will ſhall be done:
If then my mercy ſhall extend,
to every ſinfull ſoule,
What man is he can queſtion it
or dares my will controule?

I ſpare and ſave whom ere I pleaſe,
O Lord it is confeſt,
Give ore to doubt then O my Soule,
and ſafely be at reſt.
And thou O man of ſin that think'ſt
with threats my ſoule to ſpill,
Perſwading me that all ſhall goe
according to thy will.
Alas! the Kingdome is not thine,
for ſhame then leave to boaſt,
When Chriſt ſubdu'd, & vanquiſht thee
thy claime was loſt thou knowſt.
And yet behold thou labourſt ſtill
to make a ſecond warre,
And ſubtly aymeſt to provoke
me and my God to jarre.
It is thy practiſe, thy delight
to draw my ſoule to ſin, (wrath
And then thou think'ſt God will be
and thou the day ſhalt win:
But all is vaine, for Jeſus Chriſt
at Gods right hand I ſee,
And though I heape up ſin on ſin,

he intercedes for me.
I speake but what I feele and know,
God my redeemer sent,
His wings did overshadow me,
and touched as he went;
He bore the blows that justly were
directed first at me,
His Soule for mine he did oppose,
and all to set me free.
He life for life, and shame for shame,
he death for death did pay,
Under that yoke I should have groand
he did his owne necke lay.
How vaine a thing it were to thinke
we could that love expresse,
That to his Father on this wise
our Saviour did addresse.
O righteous Father, if it be
a thing that may be done,
Let man arise from death to life,
and spare thine onely Son:
If any other way be left
to lift him from the grave,

Then

Then by thy deareſt darlings death,
thy child ſweet Father ſave:
But if it muſt be ſo, that man
except I dye muſt dye,
Spare not O righteous Judge, my ſelfe
I give moſt willingly.
On my head let the curſes fall,
that mankind may be bleſt,
Thine anger bend at me, that peace
on his head ſtill may reſt,
I am content to undergoe
the burden of thy hate,
That ſo thy love to him may flow,
and comfort on him waite.
The Son of love a'though I am,
thy wrath on me let fly;
O ſpare me not, but let me fall,
as ſin it ſelfe ſhould dye.
But *Iſrael's* head, with peace O Lord,
and bleſſings compaſſe round;
With garlands of delight and joy,
my brethrens heads be crownd;
Let no diſpleaſure them moleſt,

they

they are my joy, my deare,
With armes of love encompasse them,
and bid them nothing feare.
Thus for a time though in the grave
and shades of death he lay,
Yet straitwayes darkenesse was expeld,
and then brake out the day;
Fresh as a Bridegroome he appear'd,
his Father did him meet,
And with wide open armes his Son,
his onely Son did greet.
And now the peace of heaven & earth,
in glory he doth raigne,
The blessing of the Church of God,
the good mans joy and gaine.
And unto love and life himselfe
he did not raise alone,
But likewise us he did advance
and glorifyed each one;
With him we live, with him we raigne,
and what doth make us glad,
Of us than of the Son of God
no lesse regard is had.

O then for ever happy man
whose peace is made so sure,
That let sin do the worst it can,
it must for aye indure.
Forth through a cloud the glorious beames
and countenance divine,
The lustre of his heavenly face,
upon our hearts doth shine,
So that in triumph now we ride,
the garland is our owne,
And see our hearts doe leape for joy,
our spirits are lighter growne.
Come then ye knowing soules, whose faith
no earthly thing can shake,
With sweet and hearty melody
this protestation make.
Than gold refin'd, or the sweet fruite
of the laborious Bees,
Than all that's pretious, O my God,
thy love doth better please.
By some to shine in Princes Courts,
a glorious thing is thought,
When as my soule ful well doth know

it

it is a thing of nought.
Than life it selfe, though life be sweete,
thy love O Lord, is sweeter;
Than to enjoy the world at will,
to live with thee is meeter.
Bout toyes and trifles, foolish man,
thou spend'st thy time in vaine,
Thou plow'st thy ground, & sow'st thy wheat,
and reapest it againe.
On gold and the lascivious lookes
of an enticing face;
In loose and lawlesse love thou dost
thy chiefe contentment place;
Thou drinkest Wine in golden bowles
and to the Harp dost dance;
Thou paintst thy face with Cynoper,
thy head thou dost advance;
Thy necke with gold & pretious gems
thou dost encircle round,
And in the house thou lately read'st
thy chiefe delight is found:
Thou think'st thy self the happiest man
when I enjoying thee,

Thou

Thou God of peace, without these toies
have all felicity.
Thy love before the love of Kings
I highly doe preferre,
Whilst they that seeke their peace on earth
doe infinitely erre.
With dust and truth a covenant
such idle men doe make:
But I from God a lasting league
of endlesse peace doe take;
Thereon my life and all my hopes
with confidence I lay;
And being safe, all carefull thoughts
I banish quite away.
Take then thy rest my cheerfull soule,
for ever take thy rest,
For why no earthly thing can tell,
how highly thou art blest.

MEDI-

MEDITATION. V.

Of Faith, triumphing in the Victory of Christ.

O Earth lift up thy drooping head,
come and rejoyce with me,
For Christ our valiant Champion
has got the victory:
I saw that feareſull battell fought,
where death and hell came on,
And Christ alone oppos'd them both,
and vanquiſhed each one.
I saw him lifted up above
his proud insulting foes,
The Kings and Princes of the earth,
like Captives downe he throws,
Both death and hell with wondrous strength
below his feet he flung,

And

And having throwne them, up he gets
and trampled them as dung.
By death he was the death of death,
he overcame him quite,
That gyant and that mighty one,
his valour put to flight,
He held his life downe in the durt,
and hell was then quite foiled,
His honour he depos'd ith dust,
and then was Sin dispoyled:
Sin that had trodden down the world
was now himselfe trod under,
And who had often torne our hearts,
was rent himselfe asunder,
The tempter came and tempted him,
but backe return'd with shame.
As purest wheat or gold refind,
so spotlesse was his name,
Hell fell, death died, the Prince of death
to death himselfe was brought,
The grave inclos'd, that subtill one,
that oft our deaths had sought.
Where was thy power, O coward death
that

that when our Lord was dead,
Thou couldst not keep him in the grave
but yeilding, backward fled.
So that from death he roſe againe,
and looſed all hels chaines,
The iron gates were opened,
and out flew all hels paines.
Come then both men and Angels, ſing
this joyfull ſong with me,
O death, where is thy ſting? O grave,
where is thy Victory?
Deaths ſting is ſin, and ſtrength to ſin
the binding Lawes afford,
But prais'd be God, we have orecome,
through Jeſus Chriſt our Lord.
How dreadfull Satan did appeare?
his eyes did burne with rage,
And nought his malice, but my death
and ruine would aſſuage.
My ſtrength and courage quickely fell,
I was unable quite
His ſubtill malice to withſtand,
my ſins ſo dim'd my ſight,

Then

Then up gets Satan and triumphed,
on tiptoes did he ſtand,
And me dejected ſlave he held
inſulting in his hand.
Then did I crouch, and at his feet,
me and my life I laid,
Beſides I thought for evermore
my ſoule would there have ſtaid.
When ſtraight the God of life appeard
and to my ſpirit reveal'd,
How long ere this he was appeas'd,
the bonds of love were ſeal'd;
That all my ſins, how great ſo ere,
with Chriſt were crucified,
So that within me not a ſpot
or blemiſh did abide.
Thou canſt not poſſibly conceive,
O man who ere thou art,
How ſtrange an alteration,
this newes wrought in my heart.
I found that I the Victor was,
and Satan was the ſlave,
That I am ſtrong and he moſt weake,

for

for all he did so brave.
Those gins and snares that he had laid
in which my soule did fall,
Like spiders webs my Saviour broke,
and quite disseverd all.
This newes did breath into my soule
the breath of life anew,
For though the thing was done long
till now I nere it knew: (since,
That garment on my backe he put,
which was my elder Brothers,
From one Sons head he took the crown,
and put it on anothers:
I that was captive led by sin,
now sin doe captive lead;
And death it selfe that once me slew,
by my right hand doth bleed:
And now Salvation through the world
is plentifully spread,
The Kingdome and the power of God
in every land is read.
Where then are all thy brags become,
thou proud insulting foe?

How

How comes it that thou hang'ſt thy (head
that lately vaunted ſt ſo ?
Thou didſt orecome, and yet art ſlaine;
tis true thou threwſt me downe,
And yet behold I roſe againe,
ſee here I have the Crowne :
And ſince by faith I am aſſur'd,
my peace with heaven is made,
In vaine hereafter ſhalt thou ſtrive
to make my ſoule affraid,
I laugh at all the Stratagems,
thee or thy friends can make,
The feare of death, or darts of ſin,
ſhall never make me quake.
I know that God is above all,
his right hand me ſuſtaines,
And as a King ore death and hell
with him my ſpirit raignes :
Tis well at laſt thou art aſham'd,
tis well thou doſt diſcover,
That power thou lately didſt uſurpe,
like to a dreame, is over;
And that my faith, though often preſt,
ſince

since every day I fall,
Yet like the Palme tree rises up,
and spreads like Cedar tall.
The Okes of *Basan* though all heart,
are not so strong as it;
It stands al stormes and tempests wrath
when hills their stations quit.
Its footsteps stedfast are and firme,
its roote is deepe and sure,
Though all things else doe fade away,
my faith shall still indure.
The eye or eare, though nere so quicke
the mind though nere so good,
The excellence of grace and faith,
hath never understood.
By it I see the power of Christ,
triumphing ore the grave,
By it the knowledge of my life,
and happinesse I have.
That heaven by faith is purchased,
I must by no meanes lay,
But that 'tis sure and certaine mine,
by Christs deserts, I may,

That the same Crown bedecks his head
was purchased for me,
That by his conquest I did gaine
a happy Victory,
Loe where the mighty men lye slaine,
the valiant spread the ground,
Behold and see where enmies dead,
death is not to be found.
Amidst the slaughter'd carkasses
the Victor doth appeare,
Bring forth your instruments of joy,
to meet the Conqueror. (voyce,
Sing Psalmes of joy with chearefull
while others bring the Crowne,
And then to him all glory sing,
all honour and renowne.
With golden pen in leaves of brasse,
his valiant Acts declare,
And let them through the world be told,
where ever people are.
O see the goodnesse of our God,
the crowne upon him being plac'd,
He tooke it with his owne right hand,
and

and with it me he grac'd.
With honour he bedeckt me round,
he gave me strength and might,
Into my hand a Palme he put,
into my heart delight.
And thus faith sees how Christ is made
to every living man,
The wisdome and the power of God,
let sin doe all it can.
And thus at length I see, by sin
how needfull twas to fall.
That grace might lift me up againe,
and rid me out of thrall,
That seeing how weake & featle I am,
if God my spirit should leave,
To the protection of his power,
I might the stronger cleave.
That by denying thus my selfe,
on God I might rely,
Accounting him alone the castle
of my felicity.
Thus by the weakenesse of us men,
the power of God is showne.

Had I not mourned first, my joy
I never should have knowne.
My feare did goe before my peace,
in death my life I found;
And thinking I was vanquisht quite,
my head with joy was crown'd.
Which way to get the victory,
O death canst thou devise, (orecome,
Since when thou thought'st thou hadst
thou wast thy selfe the prize:
That tis most easie to orecome,
me and my traine 'tis true,
But ere thou getst the conquest, Death,
my Christ thou must subdue:
Till thou hast triumpht over him,
I must triumph ore thee,
And I am sure thou canst not thinke,
that that will ever be.
For ever therefore will I sing,
as being sure to find
My peace on earth, my peace in heaven
according to my mind.
O fooles and vaine, that in themselves,
their

their peace and rest doe seeke,
In whom contentment is debate,
whose strength is wondrous weake.
O well is him that wisdome hath,
she doth out-prize all treasure,
In pearles and gems beset with Gold,
there is not halfe that pleasure.
The knowledg of those heavenly truths
that doe our peace declare,
Doth more delight than all those joyes
that in the wide world are.

MEDITATION. VI.

Of Hope Glorying.

O Rich and glorious Mansion,
by Gods owne fingers built,
Made all of living precious stone,
and curiously guilt,

Bedeckt with shining Carbuncles,
with Emeraulds beset,
With Ivory pillars stately propt,
and intermixt with jet,
With rayes shot from the Lambes own
each roome thereof doth shine, (cies
The windowes Saphires are, the streets
are full of love divine;
Whose stones are pretious, and whose
waters of life do run, (brookes
Whose Temple is the Lamb, the love,
the Spouse of Gods owne Son.
Her riches are blest innocence,
and everlasting love,
The Glory and the Majesty
of God himselfe above.
The Glory both of heaven and earth,
within her doth appeare,
The Angels, and the Churches Prince,
the glorious King is there;
The noble men of *Israel*,
with all the Saints beside, (ven.
The Spouse of Christ, the Queen of hea-

the Church doth there abide.
Peace, and the Sun there setteth not,
but ever are in sight;
They know no griefe or sadnesse there,
no feares doe them affright,
And I though for a time estrang'd,
an exile doe remaine,
Yet one day to my Fathers house,
I shall returne againe.
And O that that day were but come,
when life I should receive,
Wherein my head should be advanc'd,
and I this world should leave.
The day, the long desired day,
of mirth and merry glee,
When I my Father shall embrace,
and he will embrace me.
Besides, at his right hand I shall
my eldest Brother see,
And with him, all my Brethren elect,
my welcome there will prove.
Rejoyce O Soule, rejoyce my heart,
for that day now draws nigh,

Come quickly, O my Lord, I long
mine armes in thine to tye.
As ſpringing graſſe or herbes, I peepe,
to ſee that glorious day,
When God his mercy ſhall reveale,
its riches ſhall diſplay,
When like a ſhadow, or a miſt,
theſe evill dayes ſhall paſſe,
When death ſhall ceaſe, and when I ſhal
forget it ever was,
When God ſhall ſet me in a Throne,
a rich and glorious ſeat,
When all my proud and haughty foes
ſhall crouch beneath my feet,
And on my head a Crowne ſhall fixe,
more pretious than Gold,
In glory and tranſcendent light
my body ſhall enfold;
The ſorrowes of this life and all
the ſad aſſaults of death,
To Satan and forgetfulneſſe,
I heartily bequeath.
Then ſickneſſe and the lingring paine

of

of a diſeaſe, no more
Shall keepe me priſoner in my bed,
till all my joynts be ſore.
Then no decay my bones, my loynes
no griefe ſhall ere moleſt,
All ſickneſſe he ſhall chaſe away,
that moſt vnwelcome gueſt.
When he commands my bones ſhal riſe
my skin my fleſh ſhall cover.
My beauty ſhall returne againe,
as freſh as ere was lover.
Then God whom no heart can conceive
immortall, onely wiſe,
The firſt and laſt, that ever was,
ſhall ſtand before mine eyes.
That face that never man could ſee,
but at the ſight muſt dye,
The riches of that glorious face,
I liuing ſhall deſcry.
The wiſedome that from out his lips
like ſtreames of life doth flow,
Unto my vndeſerving Soule,
his grace will freely ſhow.

Then with excesse of joy my heart,
my chearfull heart shall sing,
And so exalted downe shall fall,
and bow before heavens King.
This is the top of all delights,
the pleasure of all pleasures,
The excellent beauty of his face,
is treasure of all treasures.
O farre beyond what ere I saw,
O ever shining light,
How poore and empty language is,
to expresse this glorious sight.
The sum of all my hopes is this,
that I my selfe shall be
Fild full of glory when this sight
of glory I shall see.
I shall be swallowed up of love,
eternall love will take
A firme possession of my heart,
and there his dwelling make.
Of God himselfe I shall partake,
his armes shall then enfold me,
His mercy and compassion,

from

from falling then shall hold me,
And when those lasting pleasures shall
encompasse me about,
When hidden love shall be disclos'd,
and from his heart flye out,
Then shall my lips be opened,
my voyce I then shall raise,
The utmost part of heaven shall ring
with sounding of his praise.
The Father, Sonne, and Holy Ghost,
their workes and what they are,
I and my Brethren with one heart,
will cheerefully declare;
Their love & goodnesse knows no end,
but boundlesse it and swelling,
Though we doe nothing else but tell,
we may be still a telling.
In giving God deserved praise,
that to him doth belong,
From time to time, from age to age,
we must extend one song.
And O that we could now begin,
this much delayed speech!

I would make the world admire our mirth
and the same language teach.
To sing of God how pleasant tis!
It takes away all sadnesse,
The hony is not halfe so sweet,
It fils my heart with gladnesse.
My lips doe long to speake of him,
mine eyes to see his face,
They nere shal have enough they think
of his excelling grace.
Within his bosome that I were,
To God that I were knit,
I nere would leave his loving side,
but closer would I get.
Then should I live the life of God,
and all I now enjoy,
The earth, and all the earth cals good,
Ide reckon as a toy.
My covetous heart will nere be pleas'd
I nere shall thinke me blest,
Of God, the ever-glorious God,
except I be possest.
O Son of man who art become

the

the King of heavens Heire,
Wel maist thou speed thou blessed one,
and well mayest thou fare.
Thy former birth thou hast shooke off
and art begotten new.
O noble birth! no Prince ere had
so brave a birth as you.
Thou art begot of the great King,
immortall, full of dayes,
The King of glory and of Kings,
whom all the world obeyes.
One of his Noble Princely Peeres,
on whom his favour shines,
More rich than if thou didst enjoy
the treasure of all Mines.
O doting fooles that on the world
your chiefe desires set,
Looke up to heaven, and to the God
of all contentment get.
God and his dearest Son dwels there,
thy brethren there abide,
Blest dayes, eternall life, with joy
and endlesse peace reside.

Excel-

Excelling beauty, pleasures such
as never can wax old,
Abiding riches, more than thought
or fancy ere can hold,
Rich livings with Elysian fields,
and peates Paradise,
There's thrones of rich and glorious
and all thou canst devise. Clight
There gold & pretious stones are drosse
men as the Sun doe shine,
The heart which earthy was before,
will there become divine.
That man had but an eye to see,
the gates of Heaven ope,
That I could but invent a way
to furnish him with hope.
Hope is as glittering as the Sunne,
all darknesse it dispels,
The mists of error it dissolves,
and all mistakings else.
With joy unspeakable it joyes,
and doth it selfe advance,
It worketh wonders in the heart,

And

and brings into a Trance,
Where man is lifted out of man,
and from himselfe bereaven,
And then the heart is ravished
being taken up to heaven.
Hope looketh on eternall life,
and what the eye can't see,
It sees the bright all-shining King,
it viewes his Majesty;
Vertue and life it lookes upon,
and then it doth discover
Where love with endlesse mercy too,
with righteousnesse doe hover.
And last of all hope sees that God,
that no beginning knew,
To whom all things their being owe,
both what is old and new.
To him I gladly would returne,
as to the Sea the Spring,
To him the Fountaine of all good,
I long me thinkes to cling.
When in the cloudes on wings of flame
that glorious King shall ride,

Then

Then ſhall we meete him as a Queene,
and ſo become his Bride;
Our wedding coate we will put on,
the ornaments of love,
Our Crowne and rich attire withall
that can affection move;
Then Chriſt ſhall take me by the hand
and me to God ſhall give,
With whom eſpouſd for evermore
My bleſſed Soule ſhall live.
This is a myſtery indeed,
but hope doth all things ſee,
It vaunts, it boaſts, yet is not proud,
nor is this foolery.
Thus having ſpoke but what is truth,
Hope dares to ſhew his head,
Since Gods love could not be expreſt,
though ten times more were ſaid.
Hope doth to God betake it ſelfe
and in his boſome reſt,
And of the tree of life it eates,
as a moſt welcome gueſt.
It drinkes the pureſt ſtreames of life,

and

and Angels food it eates,
And what ſeems dainties in this world
it counts but loathſome meates.
See mortall man what is my hope,
for ſure this hope is mine,
I nere will be aſham'd to vaunt,
ſo rich 'tis and Divine.

MEDITATION. VII.

Concerning the worke of Love.

O Wretched man from death & hell,
who ſhall my ſoule deliver?
My heart is beaten downe with ſin,
my ſpirit is vexed ever.
O ſlave compell'd by ſubtill ſleights,
to ſuch unmanly acts,
By ſin perſwaded gainſt thy heart,
to ſuch unworthy facts.

O too weake hands and feeble knees,
how quickly did you faile!
The heart it selfe, how soone it faints!
his courage doth prevaile,
And having got the Mastery,
how proudly doth he crow?
Yea though submissively we yeeld,
he will no mercy show.
And thou O man, though sold to sin,
dost like a tyrant raigne,
Under whose lusts the earth doth grone
the hills and watry Maine;
Both beasts and fishes, with the birds,
that in the ayre abide,
Trees, herbs, grass, flowers, & e'ry thing
the earth containes beside;
When thou cõmandest they are brought
and downe their neckes they lay,
Yea man himself, mans proud cõmands
doth to his death obey.
O seed of sin! O cursed man!
O night and darknesse all!
O Vipers brood, that eat'st thine owne
coni-

compos'd of nought but gall!
O man possest by sin, or man,
or devill, what ere it be,
That thinkst to bring my soule to death
and all hels misery!
O strong old man, usurping sin,
that raign'st and rul'st at will,
At whose commands the whole world
O Lord this Viper kill. (stoops,
How can I chuse but hate the wretch,
since he doth labour so
To make me taste the bitter cup
of everlasting woe?
My spirit would leape for joy to see
my enemy fast bound,
To see him gaspinge, seeke for breath,
after his deadly wound.
And see he's dead, the Sonne of God,
hath struck him to the heart,
Oh how he struggleth yet for life,
how loath he is to part!
His pangs of death are strong, and yet
he labours to draw breath.

But

But though he live and ſtirre a while,
he cannot eſcape death.
And now he's dead, the old mans dead
the devils eldeſt ſonne;
See where the crafty Serpent lies,
his plots are all undone.
Now is the time O world, thy joy
and gladneſſe to expreſſe;
Adorne thy ſelfe with mirth and love,
put on thy choyceſt dreſſe.
For ſin that would for ever raigne,
and alwayes kept thee under,
See, all his ſtrength is now but vaine,
his heart is burſt aſunder.
To every man where ere he dwell,
this certaine news I bring,
Within no place my ſpirit ſhall feare,
this cheereſull newes to ſing.
Rejoyce, O earth, I ſay rejoyce,
rejoyce O heart, I ſay,
Sing forth for joy, and all thy flags
of victory diſplay.
For ſin the Serpent that within

thy

thy very ſoule was bred,
Whoſe venom'd teeth did poyſon all
thy goodneſſe, now is dead:
As dead as if he nere had liv'd,
the Viper doth remaine:
See, all his breath and ſpirits are gone,
by Gods owne Lambe he's ſlaine.
O you that feele the ſpirit of God
within your heart to move,
That finde how ſweet a thing it is,
to enjoy the God of love,
With me fall downe, and to his name
acknowledge all the praiſe,
That from the loweſt ſtep of hell,
Our dying ſoules did raiſe.
I droopt alas, and hung the head,
and did confeſſe my ſin,
And to my griefe of heart, I ſaw
the ſtate that I was in,
Then ſaid I, ſince the God of heaven
and earth muſt needs be juſt,
My hope is loſt, I ſee no way,
but perith needs I muſt,

But as my ſoule was ſinking downe,
a word of joy I heard,
O man thou ſhalt not dye, but live;
looke up, be not afraid.
Thy ſins which like a cloud did ſtand,
betwixt my love and thee,
The abundance of my mercy hath
removed farre from me.
I have forgiven and forgot,
by my owne ſelfe I ſweare,
Thy multitude of treſpaſſes,
though numberleſſe they were.
Yea, thou O Lord not onely didſt
my trying ſins forgive,
But to my heart reveal'dſt thy love,
and ſtor'd it my ſoule to live.
For which how can I chuſe but love,
and alwayes honour thee,
That freely of thy mercy haſt
ſo truely loved me;
That haſt paſt by ten thouſand ſins,
and twenty thouſand more,
Yea, if I would their number tell,

I never must give ore.
To him the everliving God,
from whom our joyes doe spring,
The life and end of all our hopes,
our Father, and our King,
To him our knees and hearts as low,
as lowest earth we lay,
And all we have from him alone,
we have receiv'd we say.
This God of love, as life I love,
no other will I serve,
Away ye fooles, perswade me not,
from him I'le never swerve.
He onely shall take up my thoughts,
who pleas'd to let me know,
That I am sav'd, and that my life
to him alone I owe.
To him my joy, and my delight,
my love, my onely pleasure,
My riches, my inheritance,
my soules excelling treasure,
Than women, or the choycest wines,
his kisses are more sweet,

Than

Than all those gums and spices, that
in sweetest perfumes meet.
The Lord is mine, and I am his,
my selfe I doe deliver
Into his hands, who of my selfe,
and all I have is giver.
He first did love, he first did blesse,
he first did kindnesse show,
All love that we can pay to him,
for his first love we owe.
My Love, is Love, O lovely one
surpassing all the rest,
Amidst ten thousand lovely ones,
my lovely one is best.
Farewell from henceforth all delights,
all beauties else adue,
My heart and soule, my dearest love,
shall cleave to none but you.
Thus is he blest, whom God redeem'd,
and whom he loved so:
The certainety whereof thy faith
and blessed spirit doth show.
O endlesse love without all bounds,

the

the heaven is not so high,
Frō East to West, frō North to South,
a lesser space doth lye.
Than God, thy mother was lesse kind,
that form'd and foster'd thee,
Thine heart doth know that thine own
was not so kind as he. (heart
Love tooke his dwelling in my Soule,
and filled me throughout.
And for my safeguard, as a wall,
it compass'd me about.
As on the waxe the seale doth leave
the figure that it beares,
Even so my ever-cheerefull Soule,
Loves owne impression weares.
Love seised and possessed me,
it covered me quite over,
So that my Soule is now become
a very skilfull Lover.
This love I would not leave for gold,
for Honey, or for Wine,
But why doe I compare such toyes
as these to love divine?

Kisse me my Love, embrace me Sweete,
encompasse me my Joy,
O let me ever love my God,
whose love can never cloy.
Thogh many things are sweet, thy love
is sweeter than them all,
O like the Ocean let it swell,
and never let it fall.
Though love all dainty fare exceeds,
all richest Wines excels,
Although no banquet be so sweet,
or ought that's pleasant else;
Yet as our water or the bread
that every day we eate,
Tis common as the common ayre,
or our most usuall meat.
From loves great banquet now I came,
my soule on dainties fed,
The cates & pleasant fruits were there,
[illegible] ravished,
For ever let me so be fed,
and I shall still have more,
These streames of life O let me drinke,
and

and I shall thirst no more.
And O my love, ten thousand thankes
for thy sweet love I give,
When I forget to love my Love,
let me no longer live.
I must confesse I play the blab,
but love constraineth me,
In things Divine that all concerne,
no need of secresie.
Enticing beauty, hence away,
thy pleasures are but dreames,
Bewitching gold I banish quite,
that is not what it seemes,
Ah filthy dung, should I preferre
such empty toyes as these,
Before my God, my Love, my life,
whose joyes doe onely please?
That were an unkind part indeed,
so to neglect his love,
The sweets whereof ten thousand times
my once sad soule did prove.
Than Mothers love, or Nurses care,
than wives or friends embraces,

Kisse me my Love, embrace me Sweete,
encompasse me my Joy,
O let me ever love my God,
whose love can never cloy.
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my spirit ravished,
For ever let me so be fed,
and I shall still have more,
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That were an unkind part indeed,
so to neglect his love,
The sweets whereof ten thousand times
my once sad soule did prove.
Than Mothers love, or Nurses care,
than wives or friends embraces,

Thy love O God within my soule,
doth take a deeper place.
There let it firme possession take,
let me be fill'd with love,
Its root let no wild tempests rage,
or fiery tryall move.
For thee O everlasting Prince,
thy glory never cease,
God crown thy life with endles yeares,
thy endlesse yeares with peace.
Ride on and prosper Noble Prince,
but let thine enemies
Be scatter'd like the empty chaffe,
when Northerne windes arise.
I love thee for thy Fathers sake,
and for thine owne, my sweete,
For why? such hearty love as thine,
my soule did never greet.
Oh my deare love, thy selfe with love,
as with a garment decke,
Were it as a Crowne upon thy head,
as chaines about thy necke.
O its an excellent thing, this love,

surpassing quite our reach;
It swelleth not, it is not proud,
but gently doth it teach.
Love ever seekes his neighbors good,
it helpes, it hurteth not,
It hates all ill, and does all good,
it covereth many a blot;
It carries blessings in its mouth,
and hates all wicked deeds,
It is a sparke of that bleit flame,
from God himselfe proceeds;
Yea, I may say, tis God himselfe,
'twas love that first man made,
'Twas love that chose him, yea 'twas
that his great ransome paid:
It is the choycest of choyce things,
the sweetest of all sweets;
O let my soule be ever fed,
with such delicious meats.
The time shall come when as a flood,
the streames of love shall flow,
The Ocean shall not swell so high,
though mighty winds doe blow.

When I my dayes have finiſhed,
and bid the world adue,
Then O my God and Saviour,
my Soule ſhall reſt with you.

Why, O my Brother, art thou ſad?
why doſt thou looke ſo wan?
This world I'm ſure can harbor nought
ſhould vex a Chriſtian man.
Why, thou ſhouldſt rather with a look
as chearefull as bright day,
With mirth & Pſalmes extol that God
that wip'th thy ſins away;
That others might by ſeeing thee,
give over to be ſad,
That truth which from thy lips ſhould
may make thy Brethren glad. (flow
A man would think that ſees thy face,
ſo cover'd ore with teares,
Thy ſad condition ſtill remain'd,
thy ſins and doubtfull feares,
That vengeance ſtil hung ore thy head,
that

that God was not appeas'd,
That ſtill the Law and death remain'd,
thy loaden backe uneas'd,
That Chriſt on whom our hopes did lye
did never fleſh aſſume,
That he was never ſtretch'd on Croſſe,
or ever laid in Tombe,
When as I'm ſure thou thy ſelf knowſt
theſe things were all once done,
And that thoul't ſooner doubt tis day,
when as thou feeſt the Sun.
If therefore God is pleas'd with thee,
and hath forgave thy ſin,
Why, O my Brother, art thou ſad
and vexed ſo within?
Looke up, I ſay, or tell me why
thou rather downe thouldſt looke,
O tell me why thou hang'ſt thy head
as if thou wert forſooke?
Alas, alas! doſt thou not ſee
how all the world does croſſe me,
What great afflictions day and night
uncellantly doe toſſe me?

The

The Sun or Larke is not so soone
about their worke as I,
The better part of night is spent
ere in my bed I lie;
And yet to see for all my cares
and labours never ceale,
My state and riches doe not thrive,
my goods doe not encrease.
Alas poor man, what shallow thoughts
doe now possesse thy heart?
As if thy great estate and thee,
were nevermore to part,
Yea what content does wealth afford,
though honours doe adorne it?
Observe and see the wisest men
Have ever learn'd to scorne it.
They knew full well that care abounds
and riches both together,
Unlesse the mind were first resolv'd
to set it selfe on neither:
And then as little will content,
as nature selfe requires,
And having food and rayment, she

doth

doth finish her desires.
Observe the Lilies how they grow,
they neither card nor spin,
Yet Kings are not so fine in all
the bravery they are in.
The innocent and harmeleſſe Birds,
all carefull thoughts foregoe,
The beasts enjoying but themselves
no carking thoughts ere know.
They never breake their quiet sleeps,
their trading to advance,
No fire, or robbers force they feare,
or any other chance;
They wage no warre, or are unjust
in an ill-govern'd state,
By others lusts they grow not rich,
or thrive by their debate,
They buse not their heads with Arts,
or new inventions find,
To make new bookes or fashions,
they nere distract their minde,
Within themselves they find content,
no pleasures else they faine,

The innocence that God first gave,
they sweetly still retaine.
O blest and uncorrupted state,
how happy must it be,
That still retaines the native stampe
of its integrity!
And was not man made perfect too?
the creature that doth beare
The very Image of his God,
his Makers Character?
O wretched man, stands he in need
of superfluities,
High fare, rich buildings, brave attire,
or such like toyes as these?
Which if he lose, with lookes distract,
he cryes he is undone,
As if these outward things and he,
were now become all one.
For shame at last become your selves,
your homly spirits take,
A new abode within your hearts
for reason once more make;
And careful thoughts of earthly things
and

and uſeleſſe arts forſake.
In ſtead of wealth, thy ſelfe enjoy,
have vertue for thy ſtore,
Let grace abound within thy heart,
and thou ſhalt want no more.
It matters not though proud ones ſwel
and ſcornefull *Iſmael*-riſe,
Though worldly men through ignorance
their noble ſtate deſpiſe;
Although they tread thee like the duſt,
their malice can but be
Thy bodies tyrant, ſtill thy mind,
and noble ſpirit's free.
Contentment is not what the world
and worldly men moſt pleaſes,
But what a well diſpoſed ſoule
in midſt of ſorrowes eaſes.
Thy thoughts on heaven muſt be fixt,
and heavenly joyes above,
And for that little time thou liveſt,
thy buſineſſe is to love:
But when this world, which is moſt
the workes of God are ſo,

Thou

Thou shalt for a more happy place
most willingly forgoe,
Thy Father, and thy faithfull Spouse,
with open armes shall greet thee,
Such friends as thine own soule desires
the Saints of God shall meet thee.

FINIS.